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TRUE LOVE.

A poor little stranger, feeble and slight,
I came to them one eventful night.
They took me and kept me with tenderest
care; they loved me and kissed me and called me
fair;
They never questioned, nor paused to weigh
Their precious favors from day to day;
But with humble service that never tired
All things were given and sought required.
Many a song and sonnet
I'd since have written upon it,
With wonder great at my happy fate,
If any one else had done it,
But Pa and Ma! Could a baby guess
That Pa and Ma would ever do less?

In the restless years that since have dawn
They have made my hopes and joys their own;
With gentle words they have soothed my grief
And sent my sorrow a sweet relief.
They claim as little and give as free
As when I leaned on my mother's knee,
For though past all words they hold me dear
They ask not even to have me near.
Many a song and sonnet
Would I have written upon it
In the melting mood of that fair day,
If any one else had done it,
But Pa and Ma! Why, the truth to say,
I still their baby at this late day.

Ah, well! If I'd been a lone little waif
With none to kiss me and keep me safe,
And any one then had stooped to take
And feed and clothe me for charity's sake,
To polish my manners and send me to school,
And train me in all things by compass and rule,
To blame what was foolish and praise what
was good
And love me a little as well as they could—
If any one then had done it,
I might have sung in a sonnet
Some goodly share of the tender care
Which they would have spent upon it,
But Pa and Ma! Does any one think
I could gauge their love with a pen and ink?
—Edw. S. Burnside, in *Youth's Companion*.

A QUEER FIGHT.

Desperate Battle Between a Turtle
and a Bear.

Bruin's Attempt to Overthrow a Huge
"Loggerhead" Results in a Prolonged
and Furious Struggle—The Turtle
Victorious.

A correspondent of the St. Louis
Globe-Democrat, writing from Char-
lotte Harbor, South Florida, gives an
account of an unusual contest that was
witnessed by two members of a fish-
ing schooner's crew. The schooner,
Mabel F., Captain Zeke Dickerson,
came in Saturday with a load of huge
loggerhead turtles and fish, writes this
correspondent. The turtles were
monsters, several of them measuring
over nine feet from end to end, over
the shell, and five to seven across.
Such ones will weigh from 700 to 1,000
pounds each, and it is no child's
play to capture them. Several of the
crew had severe wounds on their
hands, caused by the sharp claws with
which the turtle's flippers are armed,
and one sailor was mourning the loss
of his thumb, which he lost by fooling
with one of the captives. He wanted
to see the critter's neck, and was try-
ing to bait it by holding a small stick
in front, but the turtle seemed averse
to putting out its head. The sailor
grew careless, his hand approached too
near, and, quick as a flash, the
turtle's long neck shot out and the
sailor's thumb was caught as by a vise.
He yelled and stormed, but to no pur-
pose, as the turtle meant to stay. As
a last resort another sailor came up
and with his knife severed the logger-
head's head. Even then the firmly-
fixed jaws had to be pried open before
the thumb could be released. As it
was bitten nearly off amputation fol-
lowed.

The sailors told many yarns of their
exciting experiences in securing the
big turtles, and say that some of them
fought vigorously before they could be
overturned.
The mate, Jim Wheelan, and a
sailor named Dan Bryan had the un-
usual luck of witnessing a fight be-
tween a big, black bear and a monster
turtle. It occurred at Key Mins. The
schooner was at anchor on the inside
shore, while the men went across the
island, half a mile or so, and secured
turtles on the gulf shore. The second
night, these two, by some chance,
wandered down to the end of the is-
land. While going along, cautiously,
they heard a confused sound some-
way ahead, as if some kind of a fight
was going on. A deal of thrashing
about was audible, and a sort of roar
or grunt that sounded like a bear was
heard.

Pushing forward, they soon rounded
a sharp turn that the beach made,
and the cause of the rumpus was be-
fore them. At first they could not tell
what it was, but saw that two big
forms were struggling together and
fighting furiously. From the grunts
they knew that a bear was one of the
combatants.

Cautiously and silently they came
up nearer, and, to their great surprise,
they perceived that the fight was be-
tween a huge loggerhead turtle and
a big, shaggy black bear. From their
positions it would seem that the bear
had sprung on the turtle as it was re-
treating toward the water and had
tried to overturn it. In some way it
had stepped in front of the turtle, and
the latter thrusting its head out, had
quickly seized one of bruin's hind legs
and held it. At this the bear roared
loudly and pawed furiously at the
turtle's back, trying to force him over
on his back. This the turtle resisted
with all his strength and weight,
settling down close to the ground.
Whenever the bear made an extra ef-
fort, and then, as the bear relaxed his
efforts, the turtle would suddenly start
up and endeavor to get nearer the
water, keeping his firm hold on the
bear's leg all the while. This move
would arouse bruin's ire again, and
the fierce contest would be renewed
with increased fury. The bear's dis-
engaged hind leg plowed the sand deeply
as he endeavored to stop the turtle's

progress waterward, while his fore
paws clawed the loggerhead mad-
ly, vainly trying to find some
vulnerable spot, for judging by
his angry growling and the desper-
ate efforts he made to release his
leg from the reptile's grip, the turtle
was holding on for keeps. By a sud-
den push and a powerful muscular ef-
fort of his head and paws, bruin man-
aged to get the turtle half-set, one side
being raised a foot or so. Pursuing
his advantage, he seized one of the
turtle's big flippers in his jaws and the
snap that followed showed that
bruin felt that things were evening up.
The old loggerhead plainly didn't like
the change of tactics, for its free flip-
pers moved like the fan of a thrashing
machine. Its big body plunged from
side to side, while it scattered the sand
in showers all around, as it tried to
throw off its big antagonist. The bear
was dragged around considerably by
the turtle's movements, and the pain
in his imprisoned leg evidently put him
in a very bad humor. He kept chew-
ing the turtle's flipper and endeavoring
to get the latter overthrown. The old
turtle worked around and finally got in
a stroke with its sharp claw that badly
ripped the bear's under side. This in-
flicted bruin so much that he let go
his grip on his antagonist's flipper,
and, reaching his head down, tried to
reach and free his hind leg. But he
made a bad mistake, and the fighting-
mad loggerhead quickly improved his
opportunity. As bruin's nose came
within reach he let go the leg, and,
quick as a flash, fastened his iron grip on
the bear's jaw. The boys say that
then ensued a circus. The bear was
thoroughly taken by surprise, and he
roared lustily with pain and rage. The
turtle pushed on and dragged his un-
willing captive along. The latter saw
his danger and felt it, too, for they
were so near the water's edge that the
waves splashed over them. The com-
bat continued at this point for several
seconds, it was plainly to be seen that
both were pretty well tuckered out,
and either would have been willing to
cry quits. But neither dared let go.
The loggerhead dragged him along,
and finally had him in water knee
deep. Here he had things more his
own way. The waves coming in
dashed the bear about so that he main-
tained his footing with difficulty. He
frantically danced about endeavoring
to get free, and using his terrible
claws all he could, but the turtle's coat
of mail proved impenetrable. Bruin's
strength now began to fail, and his big
foot took advantage of every relaxation
of his efforts to escape. Slowly the
turtle worked his way out into deeper
water, his flippers helping him won-
derfully in his native element. A
shelving rock or side was soon gained,
and there the last struggle took place.
The turtle, half covered with water,
was raised time and again a foot or so
by the frantic struggles of the partially
drowned bear, whose head was kept
under the water longer and longer each
time. It was plain to be seen now that
the bear was doomed. After a few
minutes longer of the struggle, as the
bear rested a moment, the turtle
plunged off into deep water, dragging
his prey under. As the bear went
down his hind legs kicked convulsively,
but in a very feeble way. The watch-
ers of this ferocious encounter waited
for an hour or so to see if the body of
the bear would be released, but nothing
came up. The next day, however, the
fragments of the beast washed ashore,
mutilated and cut all to pieces.

These fights between turtles and
bears are very common, say the fish-
ermen who know these keys. They often
find the dead bodies of the two animals
where they have died, locked in a
fierce embrace. If the bear can turn
the turtle so as to feast on its soft, un-
protected belly, the loggerhead is gone,
but for so huge a reptile it can move
surprisingly fast. Its iron-like mandibles
have a tremendous power of hold-
ing on, and nothing can break it. If
bruin or any other attacking animal
once gets within their grip, the combat
is not so much one-sided in their favor
as one would think by seeing these big
moving mounds of flesh.

An Old Fashion Revived.

The old-fashioned bell-shaped sleeve
is revived with the short French em-
broided under sleeve which was a
feature of dress many years ago. The
bell-shaped sleeves when they became
exaggerated, as pictures show, neces-
sitated the very large puff sleeve with a
band as a finish. A tendency to revive
a small puff sleeve at the edge of the
rather short coat sleeve is now appar-
ent. There are also half-open elbow
sleeves with a dainty little sleeve of
silk, embroidered French muslin, or
silk net, made in bishop style and gar-
dered into a narrow band of the same
delicate material. There are also
slightly open coat sleeves cut up at
the back or front seam, or both, to ad-
mit a pleated frill of lace. This
style is said to make the hand look
smaller than any other of the new
models, which are legion. Another
sleeve, on an imported gown designed
for cool-weather wear, is made of
striped damask, hair, in damask, rose,
and dove color. The striped sleeve
opens to admit a finely striped puff
sleeve of plain damask camel's hair,
and upon another gown of olive and
cardinal stripe there is a puff sleeve of
plain cardinal surah. —N. Y. Post.

—Country Minister (to boy fishing).
—What will your father say, little
boy, when he discovers that you have
been fishing Sunday? Boy—I dun-
no, sir; it depends on how many fish I
catch. —N. Y. Sun.

A CURIOUS THEORY.

Dr. Silversmith's Novel Conception as to
the Formation of the Universe and the
Movement of the Planetary Bodies.

John Silversmith, M. A., editor of
the *Jewish Occident* and author of a
volume entitled, "The System and
History of Nature," recently delivered
an illustrated lecture on "A Practical
and Comprehensive Theory of Our
Universe," in which some novel ideas
are advanced. The following is ex-
tracted from a synopsis of the lecture
as given in an exchange.

The speaker showed by a diagram
the Copernican, Kepler, Newton and
Galileo solar systems; how the plan-
ets moved in concentric and closed
ellipses around the sun. At this
junction the speaker showed most con-
clusively the false conception of
despite the great strides made in as-
tronomy, physics and dynamics, that
no planet could revolve in a closed
ellipse if the sun was moving onward
in his orbit; that the revolution as-
signed to our earth would cause every
object on her surface to fly off. If the
motion of her revolution around her-
self of three and a-half miles per sec-
ond were true. The speaker intro-
duced the most practical conception
of the heavenly planets and our solar
system. The diagram exhibited the
movement of the three heavenly bodies
—the sun, the earth and the moon.
He pointed to the motion of the sun as
being in an undulatory line from west
to east, proving it by certain dark
tubercles near his periphery, first on
the under side, then successively
every twenty-seven days near his up-
per edge. He next exhibited the
earth's zigzag motion, moving along
with the sun, but in a spiral move-
ment, which would produce the same
effect for the seasons.

For lack of time he could not explain
in detail the physical effect that caused
day and night, but said the motion of
the earth could best be conceived by
the rising and setting of the sun, if
the zigzag movement is correct. He
took to task our modern observatory
magnates who were great in elucidat-
ing with mathematical formulas, but
gave the world no clear conception of
how the planets and our solar sys-
tem moved; that they weighed, mea-
sured and allowed a kicking attraction
demon to play his antics; that they
employed the differential and integral
calculus (a sort of roundabout way to
account for their exact prophecies of
eclipses and conjunctions), when a
simple periodical-arithmetic calcu-
lation could accomplish the same
solution with an understanding of
this new system; that the motion of
the moon (being much more aerial or
less dense than our earth) was in like
spiral form in a more digressory
orbit, as shown by a diagram in which
his peculiar faces were plainly to be
seen, and which no modern astron-
omer had yet been able or willing, if
he understood it, to illustrate. The
speaker also gave the prevalent or ac-
cepted theory of the coming in exist-
ence of the heavenly planets, as
taught by the famous French philoso-
pher La Place, who teaches that
primarily the firmament contained a
nebular mass, which, when it be-
came disintegrated, allowed the smaller
fragments to revolve around the
larger sun; that millions of such
solar systems are now rotating through
the measureless firmament, and that La-
voisier, a more recent French philoso-
pher, corroborated this fact.

The lecturer argued that (as shown
in a diagram) the orbit which requires,
periodically speaking, two and one-
half million years, and that it had
times without number performed the
same journey; when it reached the
apexion in its orbit, of lowest point,
that our earth tended to a cooling or
collapsing process, a sort of implosion.
This was termed by him the glacial
era, in which the late Prof. Agassiz
had demonstrated that all life would
tend to destruction and death, until the
solar system would again reach on her
ascending node the warm matter
spheres, and the germs in all species
would be again enlivened by that
electro-magnetic force which is al-
ways present and developed in the in-
visible matter spheres surrounding
our globe. These cycles he designated
as the great summer and great winter
seasons, or rather periods.

A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

The Good and Bad Traits of the Father
of Mankind Carefully Scrutinized.

Some Congressmen have announced
his intention to introduce a bill provid-
ing for the erection of a monument to
Adam. It will be a sad day for Adam
when this scheme is accomplished.
Respect for the father of the human
race has heretofore prevented any
very close scrutiny of the life and
character of Adam, but an effort to
build a monument to his memory will
be likely to set investigations on foot
that may result in placing that gen-
tleman's reputation in a very unfavora-
ble light.

One might think that after a lapse
of so many years the veil of charity
might well be thrown over one who,
however much he may have erred,
might truthfully claim that he had no
human precedents to guide him, and
that all would cheerfully concur in a
movement to perpetuate the memory,
through lasting marble or enduring
bronze, of the first man of his time, or
any other time we have any rec-
ord of. But such is likely not to be
the fact. Adam must take his chances
with all other men to whom monu-
ments are erected.

How much this is due to cankerous
envy and how much to an honest desire

that men rendered monumentally con-
spicuous should stand upon their own
merits as well as upon a pedestal it is
difficult to determine, but we are sat-
isfied the former sentiment is largely
responsible for it.

There are plenty of men so blown
up with self-pride, so permeated with
a sense of their own importance and
superiority, that they think the race
ought by good right to date from their
nativity, that they sneer at a monu-
ment of Adam or any one else but
themselves. They demand to know
what Adam did to merit a monument,
aside from catching a unanimous vote
for himself for all the offices in Eden,
and laying the foundation for a race
of beings who can never cease to re-
gret that such a man named Adam
was ever born.

Men who have always charged their
own mistakes to their wives, openly
taunt Adam with his cowardice in lay-
ing that little transaction in fall ap-
plies to Eve and trying to sneak out of all
responsibility himself. We are far
from attempting an entire excuplation
of Adam in this notorious affair, but
perhaps there were extenuating cir-
cumstances of which we know nothing.
Perhaps Adam was passionately fond
of mince pies, yet felt that one ingre-
dient was wanting, and the apple sup-
plied it. Not to mince matters, Adam
was taken on his weak side—the one
that was a rib short, probably—the one
that was justified in claiming that Eve
tempted him, for what man who loved
pies wouldn't welcome any improve-
ment in them, particularly when made
by a young wife?

But detractors of Adam do not stop
with the apple. They charge him
with being a poor provider in his fam-
ily, treating his wife shamefully, par-
ticularly in the matter of clothes. He
scrimped her in fig leaves, only allow-
ing her to buy the smallest and most
inexpensive patterns. He never bought
her a new bonnet in his life, and dur-
ing the whole course of their conju-
gal career, which lasted some nine
hundred years, he never took her to a
lecture, a theater, a circus, or even a
concert. —Texas Siftings.

WONDERFUL THINGS.

A Russian Peasant's Ridiculously-Prim-
itive Idea of Railroads.

When the railway was first operated
between Moscow and St. Petersburg
it was an object of great terror to the
superstitious peasantry of Northern
Russia, who thought there must cer-
tainly be some witchcraft or magic
in an invention which could make a
train of heavy cars run along without
horses at the rate of twenty miles an
hour, when the best speed of wagons to
which they were accustomed was
only three miles an hour, or four at
the very outside.

Some of them would not even go
within sight of a train, and made the
sign of the cross whenever they heard
one rattle past. Others peeped timidly
over the palisade of the railway sta-
tion to catch a glimpse of the fearful
smoke-breathing creature, which they
believed to be a living monster, and
when the steam-whistle sounded they
cried out: "Hear him screaming! He's
hungry and wants to eat somebody!"
and took to their heels at once.

But little by little this terror began to
wear away. The village priests were
seen to go to and fro by train, and the
simple country folks thought that what
they did could not be wrong. By de-
grees the peasants themselves began
to try the "smoke wagons," too, and
one day an old man named Ivan Petro-
vitch Masloff, who had never been out
of his own village till then, made up
his mind to go and have a look at
"Mother Moscow," which all Russian
peasants reverence as the finest city in
the world, and the real capital of Rus-
sia.

Now it happened that the down ex-
press and the up express met each
other at the station of Bologoye (mid-
way between Moscow and St. Peters-
burg), where the passengers of both
trains stopped for half an hour to have
supper. Among the crowd of people
that go out of the other train Ivan sud-
denly recognized an old friend. The
two went into the refreshment-room
together, had a chat over their steam-
ing tumbler of tea and lemon juice,
and then Ivan, without thinking of
what he was doing, got into his friend's
train instead of his own, and was soon
traveling back toward the spot whence
he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for
awhile, for Ivan's friend never thought
of asking the old man which way he
was going. But presently Ivan began
to grow silent and grave, as if ponder-
ing something which puzzled him very
much; and at length, after sitting for
nearly five minutes without uttering a
word, he suddenly broke out:
"Ah, Pavel Yurievitch" (Pavel, son
of George), "what a wonderful thing
these railroads are, to be sure! Here
am I going to Moscow, and here are
you going to St. Petersburg, and yet
we're both traveling in the same car!"
—David Ker, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Nothing Extraordinary.

"This, ladies and gents," vociferat-
ed a menagerie orator in a small
town in Kentucky, "is the great Arab-
ian dromedary, with two humps upon
his back instead of one, but the extra
hump will cost you nothing! He is
the Arab's beast of burden. He fetches
and carries, while the Arab sits idly in
the sand, and (impressively), he can
go eight days without water!"
"Only eight days?" was the general
exclamation, and then the crowd moved
on in search of something interesting.
—N. Y. World.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—George W. Childs has an extreme-
ly rare and valuable collection of man-
uscripts. One of the most interesting
is that of Edgar Allan Poe's, "The
Murder in the Rue Morgue."

—In literature quotation is good
only when the writer whom I follow
goes my way, and, being better mount-
ed than I, gives me a cast, as we say;
but if I like the gay equipage so well
as to go out of my road, I had better
have gone afoot. —Emerson.

—Mrs. Lippincott, better known to
the world as Grace Greenwood, says
the never was out-and-out a woman
suffragist because she was afraid of
being called upon to make off-hand
speeches. "Then, again," she said the
other day, "I had always so many
irons in the fire I burned my fingers
with many of them."

—Isaac Henderson, author of "Agra-
tha Page," has an ideal home for a
literary man. It is in "The Boltons,"
a London park, in which no business
man can buy a foot of ground. By the
terms of the estate no person in a vo-
cation which would invite intrusion,
as a doctor, or dentist, or lawyer, can
secure a residence in the park.

—Mrs. Rives-Chandler is of a very
indolent turn, and when she is not
hard at work at her writing-desk is
generally loitering in bed. Some guests
invited to visit at Castle Hill were
quite disappointed at discovering the
young genius in bed with a novel so
entertaining that she could scarcely be
persuaded to leave it. Her usual out-
door dress in the country is a Tam
O'Shanter cap, a blue shirt laced up
the front, a very short corduroy skirt
and heavy boots. She is short but
pretty.

—Among the rarities in Dr. Will-
iams' library in Grafton street, Lon-
don, is a tiny short-hand Bible, ex-
quisitely written, which is said to have
belonged to an apprentice, who, sus-
picious of James II.'s intentions
regarding Protestantism, wrote the
whole for himself, fearing that he
might be deprived of his printed copy.
In addition, there are fourteen man-
uscript volumes relating to Richard
Baxter, and a little volume of George
Herbert's, part of which is in the
poet's handwriting, and which is be-
lieved to be the copy he sent to Nich-
olas Ferrar.

—George Eliot's first arrangement
with the publisher of "Romola" was
for no less a sum, it is said, than ten
thousand guineas. "As that is so very
large a figure," he said, "I must
run it through fifteen numbers of
the *Cornhill*." "No," she said, "it
must finish in twelve numbers or
the artistic effect of the story will
be lost. I quite understand the
necessities for its prolongation from a
commercial point of view, so we'll say
seven thousand guineas instead of ten
thousand." And seven thousand
guineas were accordingly paid for
the copyright. Three thousand guineas
seems a large sum to give up for an
artistic scruple or even a grain; but
she did it.

HUMOROUS.

—Blugs says the "honest farmer"
displays chicanery when he feeds his
summer boarders on tough chickens.
—"Were you troubled with ennui
while at sea?" he asked, airily.
"Well," said the Chicago girl, "I was
at first, but cracked ice relieved me
very much." —Ocean.

—Rev. Dr. Hall said every blade of
grass was a sermon. The next day he
was amusing himself by clipping his
lawn, when a parishoner said: "That's
right, doctor, cut your sermons short."
—Collector (on his tenth visit):
"Look-a-here; how many more times
do you want me to call with this little
account?" Bill Overdue: "Why, man,
I don't care if you never call again."
—Life.

—"Onions split in halves will absorb
smell of fresh paint," says an ex-
change. So will a bull fiddle draw
the sound of a fagotette; and a man
must have custard brains to like the
remedy. —New Haven News.

—Husband: "I've some bad news,
my dear; that old bachelor brother of
mine has failed; lost his entire for-
tune." Wife: "Oh, John, how dread-
ful! and just as we had named the baby
after him. Poor little fellow!" —Har-
per's Bazar.

—Prince Pumpernickel: "Darling
Miss Elsie, I love you. Pamine. I am
not von Sherman's richest prince, but
I had four thousand dollars a year." Miss
Elsie: "Why, pa gives \$5,000 a
year to our cook." Prince P.: "Vell,
marry me and I will do de cooking."
—Yonkers Topics.

—Algernon (waiting): "Aw, I say,
Bobby, what does you ah sishah think
of me anyway?" Bobby: "She says
she thinks you're just too nice to live."
—Algernon (highly elated):
"Yass!" Bobby: "An' she can't see
why the authorities out of mercy don't
have you shot." —Judge.

—Benevolent dame (to tramp): "And
so you are always moving from one
section of the country to another? I
should think home ties would often
make you halt." Tramp: "I'm often
lame an' halt, mum, but it ain't the
home ties that does it; it's the railroad
ties." —Philadelphia Record.

—Remember, Bridget," said Miss
Clara, "that I am out to every body
but Mr. Sampson." A little later
Bridget answered a ring at the door.
"Who was it, Bridget?" asked Miss
Clara. "Young Mister Beauncamp,
mum." "And did you say that I was
out?" "Yis; I sed yez were out to
ivory body but Mister Sampson."

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

WAYS AND MEANS.

A Short Story Setting Forth The Disad-
vantages Under Which Working Girls
Labor.

"Listen, girls. Here is a story that
may be helpful to us. You know we
are always wishing that we could earn
some money, and this tells us how one
girl made enough picking wild berries,
and making them up into jellies and
preserves for market, to pay off a mort-
gage on the farm; and, I suppose after-
ward pursued the business until she
made the family rich, though it does
not say so. Why couldn't any three go
into some such enterprise, pray?"

"Unfortunately we do not own a farm,
with a mortgage and berry patch upon
it," said Ellen, the oldest sister.
"But if we had a farm, no doubt there
would be a mortgage on it. So much
of the story might apply to us, at all
events," said Hester, the second, some-
what bitterly.

"Of course I didn't suppose that we
could make jelly, or even pick berries,
especially as we haven't any to pick,"
said Nan, the first speaker, and the
youngest. "I only thought that the
success of this girl, under difficulties,
might be an encouragement to us to go
and do likewise, in some other depart-
ment of labor."

"What other, for instance?" asked
Hester. "Do be specific, Nan."

"I'm sure I can't think of any thing
promising at this moment; but there
must be plenty of work in the wide
world for three maiden sisters, as ac-
complished as we are. Ellen can trim
bonnets beautifully. Just look at that
exquisite specimen of millinery she is
evolving from those old bits of lace
and ribbon and velvet. And you
and I can do dress-making. Hetty. We
can make over our own dresses, just as
good as new. Let's set up a shop."

"Yes," said Hester, "we can do our
own millinery and dressmaking, be-
cause we have to, or go without. But
not one of us knows enough about this
kind of work, or any other, to earn our
salt."

"Except the three B's, Hetty, you
know them perfectly."

"Yes, I am thankful that I know how
to bake and boil and broil; but unless I
go into somebody's kitchen besides our
own to exercise these accomplishments,
they are not likely to bring in much of
an income; and I declare, girls, I am
sometimes tempted to do just that
thing—hire out to do housework, be-
cause it is the only thing I know how to
do well."

"Why, Hester Harmon, are you
crazy? You know father and mother
would never consent to your doing
such work," said Nan.

"They would not have to consent,
for I am of age, and can do as I please;
though it is not very likely I shall be
pleased to do that quite yet. But I am
tired of being dependent upon father for
every penny I spend. It would be bad
enough if he was rich; but knowing how
hard it is for him to make the two ends
meet, poor man, it makes me wretched.
And why should not we girls do some-
thing in the world for our own support
at least, as well as the boys? There is
Tom earning his seventy dollars per
month running a locomotive, with
promise of promotion, and John doing
almost as well at civil engineering,
both of them as independent as princes,
because each knows how to do one
thing well. I never see Jack shoulder
his tripod and march off to work with-
out feeling that I have been defrauded
of something, because I was not com-
pelled to learn some trade, or business,
that would make me as independent as
he is. And can any body tell me why
girls should not have the privilege of
earning their own living, if they want
it as well as their brothers?"

"Girls are expected to secure hus-
bands before they arrive at the mature
age of twenty-five, you know, Hetty;
isn't that reason enough?"

"No, it is not. There are not hus-
bands enough to go around in this coun-
try, and many women must live single,
whether they choose to or not. And it
would not be such a dreadful thing to a
sensible girl to be called an old maid, if
she had some business, or profession,
with which to occupy her head and
hands, and support herself. This for-
ever waiting, Mienwiber like, for some-
thing to turn up, is what makes so
many women miserable and useless.
And there are many kinds of work for
women to do now, if they are only fit-
ted for it, which we are not. We can
not even teach a district school, because
we know nothing about methods. If we
had been educated at the public school,
as the boys were, we might be able to
do so much for ourselves at least; but
having been finished at Madame La
Vergne's fashionable seminary, we have
a smattering of many things—a little
French and German, a little music and
art—while we know nothing, absolute-
ly not one thing, well enough to teach
it."

"I wish one of us had studied phar-
macy, so as to be able to help father in
the drug store," said Nan.

"Why not take it up now, if you
would like it, Nan?" said Helen. "You
are young enough, and father could
teach you."

"I proposed it once, but he said there
were new methods in pharmacy as in
other professions, and I must take a
course at the university if I wished to
make it a business. And that we all
know is impossible in the present state
of our finances."

"And half what it cost you at Madam
La Vergne's would give you a thorough
training in pharmacy at the university."

Oh, the pity of it!" said Hester. —Mrs.
L. B. Bacon, in *Ohio Farmer*.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

An Old Industry and the Reward of Fore-
thought and Enterprise.

Some thirty years ago a young girl
was working in a factory in Connecti-
cut. It was just before the tide of fore-
ign immigration had set in to the fac-
tories, and she was one of a very nice
circle of American girls, who had a
pleasant life among themselves and a
very friendly relation with their em-
ployers.

She went away, however, and finally
married a shoe manufacturer in Lynn.
Her husband was of an inventive turn
of mind, and made many improvements
in machinery for making shoes. One
day, when in a toy store, Mrs. —'s at-
tention was drawn to some doll's shoes.
She examined them carefully, and said:
"I think I could make those." She
bought a pair, took them home, and
consulted with her husband. He thought
he could adapt his improved machinery
to the tiny workmanship, and accord-
ingly set about it.